

The Somerset Herald, published every Saturday morning at 12 1/2...

The Somerset Herald

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXX. NO. 6.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 1566.

A NEW OPENING.

THE BUILDING KNOWS AS THE NAUGLE HOUSE, BY ALBERT RECKE, BAKERY and CONFECTIONERY, MANUFACTURER OF FINE COMMERCIAL CANDIES, CAKES, COOKIES AND BREAD.

A LOW FIGURE.

Call and see for yourself. I will open up with a full line of the above goods, May 15th.

NEW CENTRAL HOTEL.

MAIN STREET, SOMERSET, PENN'A. Opened for guests on January 10th, 1881.

F. S. KLEINDIENST.

Has constantly on hand at his distillery PURE RYE WHISKY.

MEDICAL AND MECHANICAL PURPOSES.

Orders addressed to Berlin, Pa., will receive prompt attention. March 2, 1880.

M'MILLAN & CO.

PRACTICAL PLUMBERS, STEAM AND GAS FITTERS, No 112 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa.

NEW BANK.

Somerset County Bank, CHARLES J. HARRISON, Cashier and Manager.

S. T. LITTLE & SONS.

108 BALTIMORE STREET, CUMBERLAND, Md.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

Watches and Jewelry. Registered by Skillful Workmen and returned by Express Free of Charge. No extra charge for Freighting. Goods warranted as represented.

DAVIS BROTHERS.

House, Sign and Free-Press PAINTERS, 3,000 Gallons PURE FERMENTED WINE, FOR SALE.

SUGAR GROVE FARM.

Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or rent will find it to their advantage to apply to the description thereof, as no charge made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to.

CHARLES HOFFMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR.

Latest styles and lowest prices. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. SOMERSET PA.

THAT COMETH.

Have you seen the curious couple, With its tail hanging on its side, In the sky? It was a year since then, I no longer went out; I was fairly passed, Aunt Browne had abandoned all hopes of me. I was a good nursery-maid, a cheap governess, and an inexpensive companion, in the family.

ADRIENNE'S STORY.

I was never happy at Aunt Browne's, but then I had no prospect that I should ever leave her. I had come, so to speak, as far as my own country was concerned, and I only sat in corners, talked with the chaperons, or listened to some garrulous octogenarian. Aunt Browne's interest in me, such as it was, died a natural death after my first season. She had asked me to marry her, but the result was a sad deficiency in my wardrobe. She had married off two daughters without difficulty, but a niece, it seemed, stuck closer than a burr. However, it was not my fault that I remained unmarried. I had done my best to fascinate. Though I had the idea of marrying for home or position, yet I was sure I should not find it hard to love one who was kind to me, if only on account of the novelty. I was thirty now, and not unused to hearing charges rung upon me for my marrying the beggars who shouldn't be choosers by my younger cousins, Susette and Anne. But I had had one opportunity to change for better or worse of which I had never dreamed. The son of Aunt Browne's second husband, Cedric Browne, had asked me to marry him three years before, "as we rowed up the river in June for the rosy laurel blooms, to decorate the house and piazza for Susette's birthday." I sometimes wondered what Aunt Browne would have thought of the proceeding, as I had never set her eyes on Cedric. Susette looked like a thunder cloud.

THE OLD WILL.

Little Blossom, you make it so hard for me to say good-bye to you. "When?" "The innocent, surprised, inquiring face—reminiscent of the old house-keeper—was indeed, difficult for John Burrows. He touched a dimple in her cheek, and he was out of her hair, as he might have touched flowers on a grave, perhaps. She shook back the silky ripples impatiently. "When, John?" "He looked at her for a moment, and with a smile, pretty as she was. "Nelly, sit down here for a moment." They sat down on the pretty cushioned couch before the fire. Seeing trouble in his face, she put her hand in his and he smoothed out the wrinkles on his forehead. "Nelly, more than ever confident, as he looked at it, that he was right. "Nelly, you know I love you." "Yes, with a blush, for he had never said it before. "Why, after a pause of bewilderment. "Because you are a delicate little flower, needing care and nursing to keep your bloom bright; and I am going to a hard, rough life, among druggists and lawyers, and I don't know what will try even my powers of constitution, and where you must not go." "You are going to the Far West?" "Yes, my mother must have a home in her old age. She is strong now, but she is getting on. You will see that she has been to see me. "Yes, she has been a good mother, but you shall take me, too. "She won her way into his arms against his will. "You will take me, too?" "Yes, I will take you, but you must make it so hard for me to say good-bye to you." "John, what could I do without you?" "He took the little, caressing hand down from his face, and said, Nelly, do you think that it is nothing to me to leave my little violet—the only woman I ever loved—for a hard, cold life and unceasing toil. I cannot marry for two years, Nelly." "And then I shall be thirty years old." "Yes, married, and with little children; seeing, at last that your old lover, John Burrows, was right." He rose to his feet. "John, in terror. "Yes, I am going, Nelly. Little Blossom, look at me, as I am now, with your steadfast eyes—hear me; I did not foresee that you would love me—that I should love you. You were a little school girl when I saved you from drowning last summer, and your angelic looks looked away from me to the river, and I was lost. I could not help loving you; but did not think until to-night that you cared so much for me, Nelly. But, child, you will forget me." "Never." "Nelly, I shall hunger for you day and night, and more and more, as time goes on and I get older, lonelier, more weary. But I shall never hope to see you again. Now give me your hand." She was getting into his arms, and he raised them to his lips, but before she could speak again he was gone. Shivering violently, she went to the fire, and stood there trying to warm herself. She understood it all now—his strangely elaborate preparations for a trip to New York. He had known that he was not coming back when she had begged him to bring her his photograph from the great metropolis, but was going on—into the dim distance. This is why he had not promised to sleep.

Making Things Over.

"Maria," said Mrs. Jones upon one of his worrying days, "it seems to me you might be a little more economical; now there's my old clothes, why can't you make them over for the children instead of giving them away?" "Because they're worn out when you're done with them," answered Mrs. Jones. "It's no use making things over for the children that won't hold together; you couldn't do it yourself, smart as you are." "Well, grant me, Jones, I would not have closets full of things moldering for want of care if I was a woman, that's all. A penny saved is a penny earned." "That was in April. One warm day in May Mr. Jones went prancing through the city, looking for some thing to do, and turning things generally inside out. "Maria," he screamed, "where's my gray alpaca duster?" "Made it over for Johnny." "Abeni! Well, where's the brown linen one I bought last summer?" "Mrs. Jones, who seemed to have a difficulty in her speech at that moment. "Just made it into a nice one." "Where are my lavender pants?" "Cut them over for Willie." "Cut them over for my husband then in case of thunder. Where have my blue suspenders got to?" "Hing the baby-jumper with them." "Maria," asked the astonished man in a subdued voice, "would you mind telling me, where you have hidden my silk hat; you haven't made that over for the baby, have you?" "Oh, no, dear," answered his wife cheerfully. "I've used that for a hanging basket. It is full of plants and looks lovely." "Jones never mentions the word economy or suggests making over—he has had enough of it." "One of the greatest troubles of our people is the weakness of the stomach. As the soon enters indigestion, Nervousness and Rheumatism, they prevailed in almost every American household. There is positively no need for anybody to suffer from these painful troubles who can buy a 50 ct. bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic; for this superior medicine always tones up the stomach and nervous system, and keeps the kidneys active in carrying off the foul matters, thus having a good foundation for perfect health.—N. O. Proulx.

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There were two mad men in Milwaukee. One is a bold-headed man and the other is a druggist. The bold man told a druggist that his hair was falling out, and asked him if he didn't know something that would stop it. The druggist said he would fix him, so he wrote out a prescription for a bottle of Chloride of Sodium, i. s.; aqua pura, 8. On. Shake well and rub on scalp every morning. The bald man went to the druggist and had the prescription put up, paying one dollar for it. He took the bottle and went home, and the next day he felt ashamed when the druggist asked him if he knew how aqua pura cost a gallon. He said he didn't, but supposed it cost. The druggist told him aqua pura was one of the most penetrating drugs in the store, and as for chloride of sodium, there was nothing like it, and the war in Peru set it up a killing. He said if the trouble in Chili kept on there was no knowing how high it would be. The bald man used the medicine, and felt as though it was doing him good. His wife noticed little hairs coming out, and he felt good, so when the stuff was all he took the bottle to the store and had it filled again. The chap who filled it this time was another chap, and when the bald man threw down a dollar the druggist said, "Oh, never mind; we won't charge you anything for that." The bald man asked how that was when the druggist said: "Why, it's only salt and water anyway. The salt is only 2 cents a pound, and the water is pretty cheap this year." The bald man gave one gasp and said: "I paid \$1 for filling that bottle before, and I want my money back. It's a bold-headed swindle. I thought that Peruvian stuff didn't look plausible." The druggist gave the man a box of cigars to keep still about it.

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A New York paper has the following account for these much dreaded assassinations: The assassin of the late President was a man of high intelligence and great energy. He was a native of New York, and had spent much of his life in the city. He was a member of the secret society known as the 'Knights of the Ku Klux Klan,' and was one of its most active members. He was a man of high intelligence and great energy, and he was a member of the secret society known as the 'Knights of the Ku Klux Klan,' and was one of its most active members.

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THE WEIGHING OF GOLD BULLION.

Business at the Assay Office in New York Preparatory to the Settlement of the Fiscal Year. New York, June 27.—The three commissioners appointed from the Treasury Department at Washington to superintend the weighing of the gold bullion stored at the Assay Office in Wall street, preparatory to its transfer to the mint at Philadelphia and the final settlement of the accounts of the office with the Treasurer for the fiscal year ending with June 30, have had a more laborious task than ever before known in the history of the office. The first thing done was to take the invoice prepared here showing the details and aggregate of the gold still on hand from the receipts in European and other foreign coin since the last settlement. The amount is about \$55,000,000 though total receipts during the period from August 2, 1870, to May 1, have reached about \$93,000,000. The gold on hand is in our own coin and this need not be melted down did not remain here. The \$57,000,000 in foreign coin consisted mainly of French twenty-franc pieces, German twenty-mark pieces, Japanese yen and Russian half-rubles. Although nearly the entire receipts were in British account, probably representing foreign collections made by English merchants and manufacturers, we have received not a single British coin. The French, German and Japanese coins are of our own standard, nine-tenths fine, while the Russian and British standard is eleven-twelfths or twenty-two carats fine. Each invoice when received was melted into bars, and as soon as the value could be ascertained, which was generally within three days, the owners, who are nearly all ways in a hurry, were paid in American coin. Until the settlement now reaching the final summing up is completed no deposits of coin will be received. The weighing is being done in the large vaults of the Treasury building and here were found seven men handling the gold. The brass scales, which are about four feet high, were made by Henry Frowde, of Philadelphia, and the weights on either side and at the center, cast upon which were the names of the makers, had been worn so much that they present weighing is done that they will never be used again. The balance of the empty pans is so exact that the one hundredth part of an ounce added to either side breaks it down. The weights are made of a composition of metals looking like brass. They are shaped like large tomato cans, with scooped out tops, across which are straight handles, and they weigh 500 Troy ounces each. Ten of these weights, which are made in an exact capacity of the scales, a drop of the capacity of 25 bars of gold, or \$25,000. Of course there are many smaller weights to secure perfect accuracy. The entire accumulation of gold amounts to 700 melts, of which 150 are in bars, and 550 are in boxes. Each bar is worth \$50,000, each box about \$50,000, each truck load about \$1,000,000.

A Bold-Headed Man.

There were two mad men in Milwaukee. One is a bold-headed man and the other is a druggist. The bold man told a druggist that his hair was falling out, and asked him if he didn't know something that would stop it. The druggist said he would fix him, so he wrote out a prescription for a bottle of Chloride of Sodium, i. s.; aqua pura, 8. On. Shake well and rub on scalp every morning. The bald man went to the druggist and had the prescription put up, paying one dollar for it. He took the bottle and went home, and the next day he felt ashamed when the druggist asked him if he knew how aqua pura cost a gallon. He said he didn't, but supposed it cost. The druggist told him aqua pura was one of the most penetrating drugs in the store, and as for chloride of sodium, there was nothing like it, and the war in Peru set it up a killing. He said if the trouble in Chili kept on there was no knowing how high it would be. The bald man used the medicine, and felt as though it was doing him good. His wife noticed little hairs coming out, and he felt good, so when the stuff was all he took the bottle to the store and had it filled again. The chap who filled it this time was another chap, and when the bald man threw down a dollar the druggist said, "Oh, never mind; we won't charge you anything for that." The bald man asked how that was when the druggist said: "Why, it's only salt and water anyway. The salt is only 2 cents a pound, and the water is pretty cheap this year." The bald man gave one gasp and said: "I paid \$1 for filling that bottle before, and I want my money back. It's a bold-headed swindle. I thought that Peruvian stuff didn't look plausible." The druggist gave the man a box of cigars to keep still about it.

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A New York Paper.

A New York paper has the following account for these much dreaded assassinations: The assassin of the late President was a man of high intelligence and great energy. He was a native of New York, and had spent much of his life in the city. He was a member of the secret society known as the 'Knights of the Ku Klux Klan,' and was one of its most active members. He was a man of high intelligence and great energy, and he was a member of the secret society known as the 'Knights of the Ku Klux Klan,' and was one of its most active members.

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